



The Quill



Published by the Students of
East High
June, Nineteen Hundred and Eleven

To the members of the Faculty of East High
School, for whose patient, kind and careful
instruction we shall ever be indebted,
the Senior Class of Nineteen
hundred and eleven affection-
ately dedicate this volume.

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EDITH ALLISON.

"Dedic."

Latin. Scientific.

Gymnasium '11; Domestic Science '09, '10, '11.

"The dimple that thy chin contains has beauty in its round,

That never has been fathomed yet by myriad thoughts profound."

GRAYCE ANDERSON.

Latin.

Girls' Club '07; Drawing '07, '08, '09, '10, '11.

"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low,—an excellent thing in woman."

MABEL ANDERSON.

"Mac."

Latin.

Glee Club '07, '08, '09, '10, '11; Girls' Club '07; Domestic Science '08, '09, '10, '11; Girls' Debating Society '07; Gymnasium '10, '11; Play '11.

"When joy and duty clash,
Let duty go to smash."

CLARA BARTRUFF.

Latin.

Gymnasium '09, '10, '11; Domestic Science '08; Girls' Club '07; Drawing '07, '08, '09, '10, '11.

"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"

HAZEL BIERY.

Scientific.

Domestic Science '08, '09, '10, '11; Girls' Club '07.

"Happy am I; from care I'm free!
Why aren't they all contented like me?"

MOSE BAKER.

Commercial. Manual Training.

Boys' Glee Club '09, '10; Quill Staff '10;
Boys' Debating Society '09, '10, '11.

"He draweth out the thread of his ver-
bosity finer than the staple of his
argument."

ROY A. BOCK.

"Red."

Latin.

Debating Society '10, '11.

"Men of few words are the best men."

FRANCIS BONNIFIELD.

"Frank."

Commercial. Scientific.

"Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, but now I know it."

ALBERT BUCHANAN.

"Ab."

Commercial.

Glee Club '11; Plays '10, '11; Debating So-
ciety '10, '11.

"Best men are moulded out of faults—
there's hope for you."

CARL BURKMAN.

"Cecil." "Swede."

Scientific.

Glee Club '11; Basket Ball '07, '08, '09,
'10, '11.

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."



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CHARLES BUTCHER.

Scientific.

Football '09.

"I awoke one morning and found myself famous."

EDNA CARLSON.

Scientific. Commercial.

Domestic Science '09, '10, '11.

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

MAMIE CLARK.

Latin.

Girls' Club '09; Glee Club '07, '08, '09; Play '10.

"Measures, not men, have always been my mark."

SHIRLEY CORK.

Latin.

Domestic Science '09, '10, '11; Girls' Club '07; Drawing '08, '09, '10, '11.

"I am not of that feather to shake off My friend when he must need me."

GLADYS COX.

Latin.

Glee Club '09, '10; Girls' Club '07; Gymnasium '10; Debating Society '07; Domestic Science '08.

"For never anything can be amiss When simpleness and duty tender it."

BESS DEAL.

"Deely."

Commercial.

Drawing '09, '10; Gymnasium '10; Domestic Science '08, '09, '10, '11; Play '11.

"A rose bud set with willful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her."

RUTH DEISER.

Commercial.

Domestic Science '07, '08, '09, '10; Girls' Club '07.

"Vain pomp and glory of this world, I
hate ye!"

LOUISE ECKBERG.

Latin. Scientific.

Girls' Club '07; Domestic Science '07, '08, '09, '10, '11; Gymnasium '11.

"The fair and unexpressive she."

MINNIE ECKBERG.

Latin.

Domestic Science '07, '08, '09, '10; Drawing '07, '08, '09, '10.

"A fair thing, with round, red cheeks."

OLIVER ELLIOTT.

"Bollie."

Latin.

Glee Club '09, '10; Quill Staff '10, '11; Debating Society '09, '10; Football '09, '10; Play '11.

"I am a tremendous episode."



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ETHEL ENGSTROM.

Latin. Scientific.

Drawing '09, '10, '11.

"A quiet, demure maiden."

EDWARD EVERETT.

*"Ed."**Scientific.*Drawing '08, '09, '10, '11; Debating Society
'10, '11; Glee Club '11; Quill Staff '11."One of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die."

MEROAH FACKLER.

*Latin.*Drawing '08, '09; Domestic Science '09, '10;
Girls' Club '07."Her modest looks the cottage might
adorn;Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the
thorn."

GENEVA GARTSEE.

*Latin.*Domestic Science '07, '08, '09, '10, '11;
Gymnasium '11."A rose with its sweetest leaves yet un-
folded."

ELBERT GEISSINGER.

*"Al."**Scientific.*Track '07, '10, '11; Football '10; Debating
'10."Look; he's winding up the watch of his
wit; by and by it will strike."

MARIE GLENN.

Latin.

Gymnasium; Domestic Science '09, '10;
Girls' Club '07.

"Her sparkling eyes are wondrous fair."

JOHN GRACELY.

Scientific.

"Peaceful, studious, silent."

ESTHER GUSTAFSON.

"Gus."

Commercial.

Glee Club '11; Girls' Club '07; Domestic
Science '08.

"She looks the whole world in the face."

GERTRUDE GUTH.

Latin.

Domestic Science '09, '10, '11.

"Thy eyes drive the gloom, with their
sparkling,
Where sadness and folly sit darkling."

ELIZABETH HANDLER.

"Lizzie."

Latin. Commercial.

Drawing '07, '08, '09, '10, '11.

"Just call me a scholar, let that be my
praise."





DIVERA HENDERSON.

Scientific.

Domestic Science '08, '09, '10, '11; Girls' Club '07.

"She was just the quiet kind, whose virtues never vary."

LEO JACOBSON.

*"Cupid."**Latin.*

Debating Society '10, '11; Football '10.

"I am a man more sinn'd against than sinning."

RUTH JOHNSON.

Latin. Scientific.

Girls' Club '07; Domestic Science '08, '09, '10, '11; Gymnasium '10.

"Her smile is like the rainbow flashing from a misty sky."

CATHERINE JOYCE.

*"Kate."**Commercial. Scientific.*

Glee Club '07, '08, '09, '10, '11; Gymnasium '10; Girls' Club '07; Domestic Science '07, '08, '09.

"I were little happy, could I say how much."

RUTH KINGMAN.

*"Rufus."**Scientific.*

Gymnasium '10.

"Ah me! for aught that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run
smooth."

MABEL KLINE.

Latin.

Gymnasium '09, '10, '11; Domestic Science '09, '10, '11; Girls' Club '07; Drawing '07, '08, '09; Girls' Debating Society '08.

"So womanly, so benign, so meek."

JAMES KOONS.

"Fussy."

Latin.

Glee Club '09, '10, '11; Basket Ball '11; Debating Society '10, '11; Quill Staff '10, '11; Play '09; Class Secretary '11.

"He has taken his first degree,
But has yet to learn to woo."

EDNA LANE.

Latin.

Girls' Club '07; Drawing '07, '08, '09, '10, '11.

"A dreary place would be this earth, were
there no little people in it."

ROY LEIBSLE.

Latin.

Track '10, '11; Debating Society '10; Basket Ball '11; Drawing '07, '08, '09, '10, '11; Quill Staff '10, '11; Class President '11.

"All great men are dying, and I don't feel
well myself."

VERE LOPER.

"Snick."

Latin.

Football '09, '10; Basketball '08, '09, '10, '11; Track '08, '09, '10, '11; Quill Staff '10, '11.

"Wisely and slow; they stumble that run
fast."





LUCILLE LYNCH.

"Lu."

Girls' Club '07; Drawing '08, '09, '10, '11.
 "Silence is one great art of conversation."

GWENDOLYN McDOWELL.

*"Gwen."**Scientific.*

Domestic Science '09, '10, '11; Drawing
 '06, '07, '09.

"* * * Of her smylyng was ful symple
 and coy."

MURDO MACRAE.

Latin.

Orchestra '09, '10.

"A sensible man,
 He stays to his home an' looks arter his
 folks;
 He draws his furrer ez straight ez he can,
 An' into nobody's taterpatch pokes."

EMORY MILLER.

Scientific.

"Wise men say nothing in dangerous
 times."

ELOISE MILLER.

Latin.

Glee Club '08, '09, '10, '11; Orchestra '09,
 '10, '11; Gymnasium '09, '10; Quill
 Staff '10, '11; Domestic Science '09,
 '10, '11; Play '10.

"There nothing ill can dwell in such a
 temple;
 If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
 Good things will strive to dwell with 't."

MATIE MORRISON.

Scientific.

Gymnasium '11; Domestic Science '08, '09,
'10, '11; Girls' Club '07.

"* * * Fresher than the May with floures
newe."

MERLIN MORRISON.

Scientific. Commercial.

Debating Society '09, '10, '11; Track '09,
'10, '11; Drawing '08, '09, '10, '11.

"Come, quench your blushes and present
yourself."

HAROLD NEWMAN.

"Dutch."

Scientific.

Debating '09, '10, '11; Play '11.

"Is this a dream? O, if it be a dream,
Let me sleep on, and do not wake me
yet!"

RUTH NORDHOLM.

"Tula."

Latin. Scientific.

Glee Club '07, '08, '09, '10, '11; Girls' Club
'07; Gymnasium '10.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

CORINNE PAINTER.

Scientific.

Domestic Science '09, '10, '11; Gymnasium
'10, '11; Glee Club '10, '11; Drawing
'09, '10.

"The rattling tongue of saucy and au-
dacious eloquence."



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IVA PEARSON.

Scientific.

Domestic Science '10, '11; Gymnasium '11.

"Smiles better teachers are than mightiest words."

WILMA A. PHILLIPS.

*"Phil."**Latin. Scientific.*

Glee Club '09, '10; Domestic Science '09, '10, '11.

"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."

MARK ROBINSON.

*"Wynn."**Scientific.*Football '09, '10, '11; Debating Society '11;
Orchestra '10, '11; Quill Staff '11.

"His madness was not of the head, but
heart."

SADIE ROBINSON.

Commercial.

Domestic Science '07, '08, '09, '10.

"She was so charitable and pitous,
She wolde wepe if that she saugh a mous
Kaught in a trappe."

VEDA ROMANS.

*Latin.*Gymnasium '11; Domestic Science '09, '10,
'11.

"A light heart lives long."

MARGUERITE SELLERS.

*Latin.*Girls' Club '07; Gymnasium '09; Domestic
Science '09.

"Doe you not know I am a woman? When
I think I must speak."

CARL TROEGER.

*"Trigger."**Latin.*

Debating Society '10, '11; Basketball '09;
Track '11; Drawing '08, '09, '10; Quill
Staff '10, '11.

"True wisdom is too broad to be gained in
a day, life too short for idle moments."

VEARLE WELTON.

Scientific. Commercial.

Girls' Club '07; Girls' Debating Society;
Domestic Science '07, '08, '09, '10.

"Without pleasure this life would be
dreary."

BESS WILLIAMS.

Latin. Commercial.

Gymnasium '10, '11; Girls' Club '07; Do-
mestic Science '09; Drawing '08, '09,
'10, '11.

**** with gracious air,
As sun that bids the stars retire."

MILDRED WRIGHT.

Latin. Scientific.

Domestic Science '09, '10.

"Oh her beautiful eyes! they are blue as
the dew

On the violet's bloom when the morning
is new."

GERTRUDE YEROVICH.

Latin.

Domestic Science '09, '10, '11; Quill Staff
'10, '11.

"For thou shalt find she will outstrip all
praise
And make it halt behind her."



Circling the Globe

EDWARD EVERETT.

PROLOGUE.

In the spring of 1911, I graduated from the East Des Moines High School. Later I moved to a little town in southern Iowa and took up the practice of law, with which I eked out a comfortable living. It was in 1932 that I began to feel the "wander-lust," and withdrawing my savings from the bank, I started out in hopes of satisfying the longings of this almost incurable disease. What I saw and what I heard of old school friends I recorded as I traveled and at the urgent request of many who have not heard from some of our old classmates for long years, I have at last consented to have my rambling chronicles presented to the world.

SCENE I.

(The inside of a railway coach, traveling between Des Moines and Council Bluffs. It is crowded with passengers.)

Lucile Lynch *(a stylishly dressed woman with a monstrous hat. She gazes out of the window)*: I do say, my dear Oliver, that this is the most bea-u-tiful scenery I have seen this side of Valley Junction. Wouldn't Lizzie Handler just love to paint it? How she would startle the world with the mag-nif-i-cent canvas, with its purples, yellows, greens, reds, blacks, blues, browns, orange—Oliver!

(No answer from her companion, who is snoring.)

Oliver! Asleep while I am talking to him. And to think—Oliver!—humph.

(A frigid silence ensues; the click-clack of the train goes steadily on. So does the snoring.)

SCENE II.

(A turn on the road to Pike's Peak, Colorado. A party led by a guide wend their way slowly up the steep.)

Mose Baker *(a rather important appearing guide with a penetrating voice)*: Ladies and gents, let me tell you something. Every obese person must here dismount and let the little burros rest. Say, you gent there, d'y'e hear? Don't let me tell you twice.

Mark Robinson *(a very portly gentle-*

man. He turns to his companions.): Now what do you think of that? And when I went to East High I had a sylph like form.

Frank Bonni-field *(who has a long flowing mustache)*: They are so inconsiderate of one's feelings out here.

Mamie Clark: Why Mark and Frank, you are nothing but two grumblers. We women haven't complained at all. Have we?

Ruth Nordholm *(wears a black bonnet and a green shawl)*: No, indeed.

Minnie Eckberg: Most assuredly not.

Matie Morrison *(gazes about through a lorgnette)*: Well, I should hasten to ejaculate to the negative. *(Pause.)* But as I was saying, do you remember the evening we went to the Metropolitan Theater to see Marguerite Sellers in Gladys Cox and Edna Lane's masterpiece, "The Mysterious Foot-Print"? And wasn't Charles Butcher as the villain, Jack Dalton, superb?

Ruth Deiser: You know I always did say that he would make a good tragedian.

Mark R.: I had a terrible time that night. It was late, and I was in a hurry, so I jumped in a taxi—you know how I abhor autos—the chauffeur was Leo Jacobson and he drove me so fast that one of the mounted police, Roy Boek, by the way, arrested us and the very next day Judge Emory Miller fined me ten dollars and costs!

Mose B.: Ladies and gents, the burros have now recuperated—and let me tell you something—that fat man must sit light.

Mark R.: They always did pick on me.

(The party proceeds on its way.)

SCENE III.

(A busy street corner in Denver. In the background is a large building with a sign on the front, "Gartsee & Eckberg, Manicuring and Hair-Dressing Parlors." A newsboy stands upon the corner.)

Boy: Poipers, poipers.

Roy Leibsle *(entering. He is very tall*

and extremely thin, and wears a Van Duke beard): Here, boy.

Boy (running up): Poiper, mister?

Roy L.: Yes. (Buys a paper.)

(Enter Catherine Joyce, a large and stately woman, elegantly dressed, wearing a large picture hat and an ostrich boa.)

Catherine J.: Well, Roy Leibsle. (They shake hands heartily.)

Roy L.: You here, Kate? I did not know you lived in Denver.

Cath. J.: I don't. You see, I own the Golden Horne mine in Alaska, and I ran down to deposit two million dollars worth of bullion in the Seattle bank. When I landed in the States, I received an invitation to a pink-tea given by Maybelle Anderson, and as most of Denver's society women will be there—Bessie Deal, Grace Anderson, Marie Glenn and Iva Pearson—I thought I'd go.

Roy L.: How enjoyable—I was just going—

(An auto rapidly turns the corner and knocks the small boy down. A large crowd quickly gathers.)

Bystander: Is he hurt?

Another: No, only bruised.

Another: Whose car is it?

Another: MacRae's. He runs Denver's largest hotel. You see MacRae is ever in such a hurry he often takes to speeding. Too bad.

Another (who is a "plain clothes man" and wears a bright red wig and mustache): Gentlemen, let me pass, please.

(The crowd opens to make room for him. He seizes MacRae by the arm.) I arrest you in the name of the law.

Murdo MacRae: But, Mr. Officer—

Detective: Don't resist the law. You can't do such careless driving in Denver. No, sir-ee!

Murdo MacR. (speaks rapidly): But, mister, you see it was all an accident. I was just—

Detective: Silence! Come with me.

(Poor Murdo is led away and the crowd slowly disperses.)

SCENE IV.

(Deck of the steamship, "Oriental," which is bound out of San Francisco for Yokohama. The ship pitches much, al-

though it is a cloudless day. People are lounging in their steamer chairs, many of them evidently not feeling well.)

Gwendolyn McDowell (she is tucked closely in her chair and is very pale): Oh—I am—so—sick.

Shirley Cork: So am—I.

Meroah Fackler: I, too.

Carl Burkman: And don't forget me.

Gwendolyn McD.: The captain said— (the ship gives a great lurch)—oh, what was that—an earthquake or a tidal wave?

Carl B. (lifelessly): Something—I dunno.

Meroah F.: What was it the captain said?

Gwendolyn McD.: He said it didn't stagger.

Carl B.: Well, don't believe a word he says. He told me I wouldn't get sick. If I'd known I should be like this I would never have become a missionary.

Shirley Cork: And I should never have started to Asia to Corinne Painter's wedding. She'd have married her Chinese prince without me.

(Dinner gong sounds.)

Gwendolyn McD.: Oh, I wish the boat would sink.

Carl B.: I wouldn't eat any dinner for a million dollars—oh, why don't we sink!

(Silence, as the boat plows on through the waves.)

SCENE V.

(Lobby of the JiuJitsu Hotel, Tokio. An English speaking man has charge of one desk as an interpreter. He is arguing quite vehemently with another English speaking man.)

Harold Newman (dressed in a gaily flowered kimono, with sandals upon his feet): You shall pay that bill, or, in the name of the Mikado, I'll have you thrown into prison.

John Gracely: I say, I'll not. It is highway robbery, usury, stealing, graft! (He strikes the desk with his hand.)

Harold N.: You shall pay that bill.

John G.: I won't pay twenty-five dollars per day to stay at any hotel. It's an outrage, an atrocious crime against civilization. I'll appeal to Merlin Morri-son, the American consul, and if neces-

sary to the president of the United States.

Harold N.: Appeal, for all I care. I have your luggage.

John G.: I'm going now (*shakes his fist*) to the American consul. (*Exit hurriedly. Harold N.'s head begins to nod and very soon a low snore can be heard.*)

(*Enter two stylishly dressed women.*)

Vearle Welton: Now, my dear Mildred, if we buy that paper-umbrella factory, we can get a corner on them and make a fortune. We can boost the price in America from twenty-five cents to one dollar, and we are millionaires.

Mildred Wright: Then I can buy all of the diamonds I want, and the latest model aeroplane, like the one Ruth Kingman crossed the Atlantic in. Why, do you know, each of us will have as much money as Clara Bartruff, who made her's manufacturing horseshoe nails, or Veda Romans, who became rich by selling glass-eyes.

Vearle W.: And I can buy a cosmetic shop and— (*They pass out of hearing. In a few moments enter a tall, slim person in Japanese dress. He advances to the desk.*)

Vere Loper: Hum! (*Harold N.'s eyes open wide with amazement.*) Sh! (*Places finger on his lip.*) Sh!

Harold N.: Who are you?

Vere L. (*in Japanese*): I am a messenger from the Mikado. The Little Sun is wroth. Beware! Sh—beware—sh!

Harold N. (*very much frightened*): W-w-what 'ave I—I done?

Vere L. (*sternly*): You have been the cause of great trouble. You have probably brought war, terrible, horrible, cruel, revolting, repulsive war, upon the world. You have committed the most grievous of errors. You have insulted an American, by charging him too much. Beware, sh!

Harold N. (*pale and trembling with fright*): Then I'll cancel the bill.

Vere L.: See to it at once. (*He goes to the end of the lobby and laughs to himself.*) Well, that's once I got Dutch. Ha, ha, ha.

(*Harold busily writes upon a paper—wide awake!*)

SCENE VI.

(*Fiji Islands. A native village, with huts arranged in a half circle. In the center of the open is a large kettle full of boiling water over a fire. Near by, bound to two stakes, are two white men. Enter chief, who pinches both captives, to see which is the fatter. He unties one and leads him to the kettle.*)

Albert Buchanan (*falling on his knees*): Oh, dear Mr. Chief, please don't boil me. I am of Dutch descent and Dutchmen always were tough, and I can prove it. You see, dear Mr. Chief, nice Mr. Chief, I only came down here as a missionary, for I love peace. Really, oh powerful chief, you should not eat me now. Mr. Koons there is a lot fatter than I—

James Koons (*who has a great deal of trouble keeping the flies off his bald head*): No, Mr. Chief, Mr. Buchanan is far better eating than—

Chief (*to three followers*): Igi biggi goo. (*Meaning, "Into the kettle with him."*)

Albert B.: Oh, most noble chief—

(*A cannon-ball booms overhead and the natives drop Albert and flee.*)

James K.: Hurrah! a U. S. battleship!

Albert B.: Saved!

SCENE VII.

(*An artist's studio in the Latin quarter, Paris. Four girls are gathered around a table, cooking in a chafing dish; another is reading in a corner.*)

Mabel Kline (*reading from a book*): The recipe says to add two teaspoons of pepper.

All: What?

Mabel K.: Oh, no; I mean butter.

Edith Allison: I say, girls, guess whom I saw today walking on Rue Reache. You couldn't guess.

Eloise Miller (*stirring briskly*): Don't bother me. Next you put in cheese, don't you, Mabel?

Mabel K.: Yes, two pounds; and stir vigorously.

Diveda Henderson (*who is daubing upon a canvas*): Count Katchkipatshe Gorkoriski.

Edith A.: Oh, who told you?

Devida: No one; just guessed it.

Mabel K.: Who's he?

Edith A.: He's the Russian with the yellow whiskers—look like peroxide blond to me—who is going to marry Sadie Robinson.

Edna Carlson (*who has been reading in the corner*): Oh, girls! Just listen to this heart rending little ballad, from Elbert Geissinger's latest book of poems. It is called "The Hero":

"The night was dark, the wind was cold,
His coat was thin, but he was bold.
He stumbled on, thro' snow piled high;
He did not frown, he did not sigh.
At length he stopped, and gazed
around,

He saw nothing but snow white ground.
He searched in vain, thro' pitchy dark,
And strained his ears to hear a bark.
But no hound bayed and no light
gleamed;

Too lonesome then he thought it seemed.
And it was then he heard a cry,
Which seemed so far and yet so nigh.
He saw a dark spot in the snow,
He bended down and cried out 'Oh!'
Just then he woke up in bed."

Isn't it tragic? Just like those novels that Esther Gustafson writes. I am reading her sixtieth one now.

Mabel K.: Come on, girls, the rarebit is done.

SCENE VIII.

(*London, England. A great suffragette parade is in progress. The leader halts the mob, and mounting a "Koon's Soap" box, addresses them.*)

Hazel Biery: Women deserve votes (*cheers from the women*) and they shall have them. Let the men do the washing and cooking and care for the children. It is time women had their rights. (*More cheers.*) Even in America, where I came from, people believe in votes for women. Wilma Phillips Brown and Bess Williams Schmidt, two of Des Moines' society leaders, advocate it. Shall we be trampled under foot? (*Shouts of "No."*) Then onward to parliament. Forward, march!

SCENE IX.

(*East High School, Des Moines, Iowa. Teachers' meeting on a Monday afternoon at three o'clock. Principal Carl Troeger in charge.*)

Carl Troeger (*adjusting his wig—Carl never did like to see a bald head—and curling his waxed mustache*): A great and momentous question has now arisen. Shall we continue the afternoon study period for those who get below fair?

Teachers (*unanimously*): Yes!!!

Carl T.: Very well, the die is cast. Are there any questions to be asked?

Gertrude Yarovich: Mr. Troeger, what shall I do when Mamie Metcalfe chews gum in Latin class?

Carl T.: Send her immediately to the office.

Ruth Johnson: Mr. Troeger, what shall I do when Sally Byers puts too much salt in her biscuits? She has done that three times in succession.

Carl T.: The greatest punishment in that case would be to make Sally Byers eat them.

Ruth J.: But if she objects?

Carl T.: Send her to the office.

Gertrude Guth: I am simply non-plussed. Every nice day Jimmie Yoder gets the headache and wants to be excused from his geometry.

(*Carl T. looks puzzled.*)

Ethel Engstrom: Mr. Troeger, I had the same trouble with Katy Beeny, until one day I caught her skipping rope when she had been excused. She hasn't had the headache since.

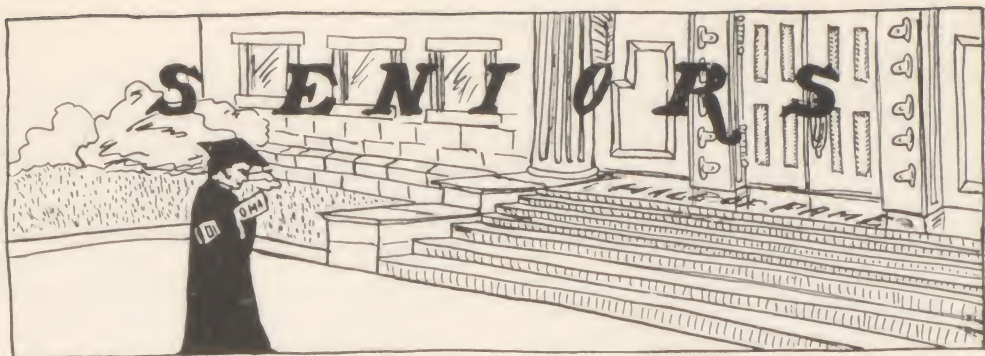
Carl T.: I believe it would be a good plan, Miss Guth, to send Jimmie Yoder to the office, under such circumstances. If that is all, the meeting is dismissed.

EPILOGUE.

I have circled the globe; my wandering desire is satisfied, and I have made my way back to the little town in southern Iowa, where I still practice law, and often when I am alone I live again that wonderful year of 1911, and that trip around the world.



Senior Group



History of the Class of '11

GERTRUDE YEROVITCH.

FINE PAYING INVESTMENT.

COME TO THE LAND OF GOLD AND GET RICH QUICK. GOLD EVERYWHERE IF YOU WILL ONLY LOOK FOR IT. EXCURSION RATES! TICKETS ON SALE MAY 29, 1907. CONDITIONS: ALL MUST PRESENT CERTIFICATES FROM A GOOD GOVERNMENT; MUST BE WILLING TO DIG FOR ALL GOLD; MUST CULTIVATE SOIL FOR FOUR YEARS TO GAIN FULL PROFIT; AT END OF THAT TIME ALL WILL BE EXPECTED TO LEAVE.

In the year of 1907, great excitement prevailed throughout the lands adjacent to the Land of Gold, when this placard was read by the younger generation. Here indeed was a chance. For months before the appointed day, everyone was in a state of fear lest he should not receive the required certificate. On the last Friday in May, Nineteen Hundred and Seven, a throng over a hundred strong had received the coveted certificate and set out upon their long journey for the Land of Gold.

On September the seventh, they reached the Promised Land, all expectant and bedecked in all their finery. The maidens wore light frocks and great bows; the youths with their newly creased suits and high collars looked not a little discomfited. But these minor troubles were nought, compared to the importance of the occasion.

Upon their arrival in the Land of Gold, they found that the community was made up of four wards or cantons. Three of these wards were already occupied by a motley throng. The north ward being the only one unoccupied, the newcomers promptly took possession of it. But oh the scramble for lots! It was one grand rush. Each tumbled over the other in order to get the desirable corners.

They soon found it would take hard work if they were to gain anything. So they shed their best clothes and donned everyday, working garb. In their hunt for riches, some plunged into the art of government, others became mathematicians, some few studied the topography of the country, others took up gardening, while still others buried themselves in the classics, all of which comprised the work required for the first year of all inhabitants.

Altogether the new ward was a peaceful community. There was no enmity among them. They had a speaking acquaintance with the other wards. The Superintendents of Minds, Manners and Morals of about twenty in number, were strict disciplinarians and with the Chief ruled kindly this new country. They had little trouble with this first year ward beyond restoring a lost member to the fold now and then.

Very often all the wards would gather together when famous people from the outside world would come to give them instructions in morals. There were, too, forms of amusement when the working hours were over. They held great sings and there was a home field meet in which all four wards took part, to say nothing of the county fair, in which the north ward fairly outdid themselves. Some of

the male factors of this same ward showed some fine oratorical power which was put into display on special occasions, for instance when one of their number was able to make the national "eleven" that represented the Land of Gold in contest with other lands.

In this manner, the first year passed quickly by and the second year had begun. There were fewer than when they had first come, for some had been unable to meet the conditions, while others began to despair of finding the Gold with which the country was filled and went back to their former places of residence. But the greater part were made of sterner stuff and resolved "to dig or die."

This year was much the same as that just gone, only the work was not so novel. Everyone began to feel just a little bit overworked. New people came and went. Often the home talent of the community offered amusing forms of entertainment but as yet the second yard were shy, waiting to burst in all their glory upon the surprised inhabitants in the near future.

And now the third year had come. Several national wars were fought with neighboring communities who were hostile and all had been successful. Still there had been no family feuds, which was indeed a remarkable record where so many people were gathered in one place. Everyone was working harder and all were eagerly looking forward to the last year. Some now took up electricity and some few were trying their power in public speaking.

All the beginning of this year showed signs that it would be a quiet one, yet the end belied this prediction. During the last three years, the influx of population had been enormous. As the Land of Gold was surrounded by mountains on all four sides and the space available for habitation had been taxed to its utmost limit with three and four families living in one house, agitation for a new home for the community was started. A whirlwind campaign followed in which finally the vote for new quarters was carried. As all wards had become warmly attached, it was neces-

sary that all four move together, as no one would think of a separation. A suitable place was selected fifty miles away, where even more Gold was available than in the old location and where there was plenty of space for the accommodation of all who would arrive from year to year. An army of men were set to work to make the place ready for occupancy within two years.

By the time this ward had reached its fourth year, the town had grown from a hamlet to a city and the times were prosperous throughout all the land. Everyone worked harder and hoarded more of his Gold for future use.

This was by far the most active year the ward had yet experienced and the most rich in profits. The community published a monthly paper called "The Quill" which was eagerly devoured at each issue and it now became the duty of certain members of this ward to take upon themselves the duty of its publication. This added materially to their responsibilities. But it also added to their hoard of Gold.

Meanwhile the colony had long since gained its independence, which state of affairs made it imperative that a president should be elected. A convention of delegates met and nominated their choice for the office. After a hard fought campaign, accompanied by brass bands, campaign songs and yells, the Honorable Roy Leiblsle carried the election amid the greatest excitement. A flag designed by the president was adopted as the nation's banner.

As the fourth year drew to a close the canton of 1907, now the fourth ward people, was the recipient of many social affairs given by their sorrowing neighbors who grieved to have them go.

At length the four years of residence allowed in the Land of Gold approached its end. When the last day came, June the ninth, everyone took up his hoard of treasure, some more, some less, saved through all these years and prepared to leave for other Lands of Promise. Each took his departure from the Land he had come to love with sadness and this thought was uppermost in his mind:

“Did the investment in the Land of Gold make the promised returns?” And each one answered according to the amount of Gold he had extracted.

Meditations of a Senior

ALBERT GARVEY.

The fateful day of four long years'
Expectancy, at length appears
To bid the sportive soul be gay
And smite the timid with dismay,
Whose fretful hearts take easy scare
When once within the lime-light's glare.
But short the time till all is o'er,
When hearts may slumber as before,
For soon the flaring lights grow dim,
The chorus sings the closing hymn,
A friendly hand, a fond adieu,
And then we're off to duties new
To take our stations here and there
As fate decrees, on fortune's stair.
Too early yet our place to know,
Perhaps above, perhaps below,
For some shall rise and some shall fall,
And some perhaps ne'er move at all,
Or take that pace that ever seems
To mock in silence both extremes.
Great wealth may come the way of one,
While better men perchance have none.
The one may ride in palace cars,
The other 'neath him on the bars.
Yea, some shall rise to heights of fame,
And some returning whence they came
In calm content shall spend a life
Beshorn of care and stormy strife.
A few may cure (or kill) the sick,
And others spring an artful pick,
A shovel, ax or weapon rude,
And yet remain in cheerful mood;
Or spend their days in richest toil
To reap the products of the soil.
To other arts of equal worth,
The humble conquests of the hearth.
The victories wrought with brush and
pan

As great as deeds of any man,
Our classmates of the tresses long
Shall bring their might of skill and song.
A few (but this is but a guess)
May yield themselves to pride of dress
And pass through life in vain array
Befrilled with fashions of the day.
While those of less pretentious togs
Shall be the future pedagogues,
Or nurse the sick or cross the seas
To Christianize the Siamese
Or others who may be in need
Of morals taught by Christian creed.
A few may live a life of ease,
And some will strive for vain degrees,
While more a modest fame shall win
With spoon and dish and rolling-pin.
But who am I who thus assume
To pierce the future's hazy gloom?
'Tis best perhaps to wait and see
And thus beshrew all prophecy,
For though our class to outward eye
Resemble those of years gone by,
Who knows what Fortune has in store
For men she's never met before?
Who knows what fame awaits our girls,
What genius lurks beneath those curls?
Ah! here I sit and ponder still,
Yet give no grist to wisdom's mill.
'Tis best indeed that I forbear
To build these castles in the air,
For though it bodes of sweet content
The time might well be better spent.
The eyes of fate have ever beamed
On those who worked while others
dreamed.
And fortune frowns in blackest hate
On those who sit and meditate.



Junior Group



Maguffy's Junior History

CATHERINE CONRAD.

CHAPTER I.

It was in the spring of 1908 that a brave company of persecuted people in their three ships, "The Longfellow," "The Webster," and "The Bryant," sailed in sight of their promised land, the long looked for new continent, the land of freedom, East High. The happy band was led by stalwart Captain Miles Standish Hites. It was he who first jumped from his ship on to the rock of learning, thereby making a new record for the broad jump which has never been equalled. That first year was a hard one. The land to which they had come was inhabited by a wild band of Indians known as Sophomores, which must be subdued before they could have rest and peace. There was one friendly tribe, however, known as Faculty, and many a pipe of peace was smoked by Sisters Peace Cowan, Charity Churniman and Brothers Goodman Koenigsberger and Oceanus Cohen with Chief Douglass from two to four on sundry afternoons.

Disease greatly thinned their ranks, Quittitis and Business College Fever being the most prevalent, and had it not been for the kind services of sweet Priscilla Geneva and Faith Brody, despair might have worked even greater havoc. But they were a persevering band and, undaunted, planted their crops. History does not tell what they planted, but it is known that they reaped a bounteous harvest of P(ea)s. Their prosperity did not last long, however, for in a short time they received word from King George Algebra that if they did not pay

him more tribute he would sentence them to another year of hard labor. This led to the War of the Revolution, in which these sturdy Freshmen, under General Putnam Beene and Paul Revere Davidson, showed themselves brave and courageous. The war closed with the surrender of Lord Cornwallis Civies on Lowry Battlefield, where many of their most loved members were left bleeding and mangled. Then the survivors rallied, and aided by the fertile minds of Thomas Jefferson Gary and John Quincy Adams Wagner drew up the Articles of Sophomorphism.

CHAPTER II.

The Sophomore Era was one long struggle for supremacy and political freedom. By this time this people occupied a strip of the continent a little further south, and so were open to invasion from both sides. A new people who had migrated to this land, known as Freshmen, were inclined to be aggressive and were constantly threatening the northern boundary of the Sophomore country. But the Sophomores under General Joe Lipshie drove the invaders back and at the same time defended the southern frontier from the bold Juniors. There was also a great industrial movement in this period, during which many famous foot-ball men, track men and orators were discovered among this simple people. As a whole, though, this was an uneventful period. The fire of their genius was smouldering to break forth into brighter flame in the next, the Junior decade.

CHAPTER III.

The Junioric or Modern Epoch brought another period of dark and gloomy war, which was, nevertheless, crowned at the last with success. The wars of this period were three; the Football War, the Basket-ball War and the Civil War. The Football War was a brilliant struggle of the whole Eastern Hemisphere against their enemies in the Western Hemisphere. Each country sent forth her best, and the Juniors ranked close to the top in the excellence of their warriors. The Easterners were victorious, but, alas! there was soon strife among the four different countries of this lately united continent which soon took on the awful shape of the Basket-ball War. In this war the Juniors showed their worth and had subdued the Senior, Sophomore and Freshman countries, when lo! a new enemy rose up from an obscure section of

the continent in the form of the Faculty. For a while the Juniors were non-plussed, but after the debris was cleared away from the famous Parish House battlefield it was found that the Juniors had been victorious.

Then, sad to relate, civil war broke out in the Junior country. The question, "Shall we or shall we not stay over until June to graduate?" was unimportant in itself, but some of the effects were awful. Unnumbered lives were lost and many were taken prisoners. Brave Captain Hites was imprisoned in Andersonville prison, and it is feared he will never recover from the effects of his imprisonment.

Notwithstanding the war and bloodshed of this era, the outlook for the coming years is good and it is likely that the Juniors will pass to the happy hunting ground of Seniordom, a famous and illustrious place.

B Juniors

RUTH RUSSELL.

Soon another maxim is to be proved. This time it is, "Great oaks from little acorns grow." And yet it is not quite fitting for we surely could not be called "little" in stature or number and as for being small mentally, ask our teachers.

It is so unsatisfactory, being a B anything and especially a B Junior. We are hardly "upper" enough to be upper-classmen and yet find, if you can, a B Junior who does not feel the great change of station between the A Sophomore class and his own. Yet even though our life is slightly hum-drum we "Bees" keep

our place and soon the results of our "busy-ness" will show. Long ago we felt our wings beginning to sprout and they have grown so that often now they feel cramped. We are quite sure that, after three months of warm growing weather, we shall not be able to control them and they will carry us steadily upwards. The old building will be inadequate to hold us and we will soar beyond until we alight in the beautiful new East High, a fitting place from which the beauty, brilliancy and strength of the long unrecognized Bees will burst forth.

Symposium on May

B JUNIOR ENGLISH CLASS.

I am quite fond of May, even though I do not know her last name. She is quite changeable, which adds to her value in my eyes. Her pleasant moments are enchanting and her gloomy moods help you appreciate her at other times.

Her favorite flowers are plain ones, such as violets or fruit blossoms, which is very fortunate for my pocketbook. She is fond of children and when she comes she usually remembers most of them with little baskets filled with either candy or

flowers. She is here now and I am enjoying her greatly, even if she was in bad temper on her arrival. May is also very popular with the college and high school boys. They always entertain her splendidly during her visit by having their spring athletics while she is here. In fact, they almost worship her, for if she is disagreeable they are unable to enjoy their athletics. The young people always save their first picnic until May comes. She has a wonderful personality. There is something about her which fascinates you and you are unable to think of any other month while she is here.

RUTH RUSSELL.

* * *

May, according to the poets and other bright fellows of the land, is a month of sunshine and flowers. But for myself I have a different opinion. Look at the quick changes of weather, snow storms and cold rains. Oh, that is sunny May in Des Moines! One day this sunny month makes a fellow hunt the shady and cool spots of the town. But wait until the next day; it's all off then. Pull out your old overcoat and start the furnace going, that you had cleaned out so carefully for the summer. That's the California weather we have in May. The poor high school fellows that are out for athletics must pull on their little running suits and spin around the track to keep from freezing to the wet and icy track.

Oh, yes, mind the poets if you want to. Dig your gardens, plant your flowers and vegetables, and as soon as they are up run around and find the old carpets and papers to cover them up with on the frosty nights. Let the poets sing, but give me something else.

FRANK BURNS.

May, without a doubt, is guilty of more crimes and misdemeanors than any other month of the year. School children, office girls, laborers, and students passing to and from school, look in every conceivable place for signs of her. When she finally comes with chirping birds, shouting youngsters and squawking chickens, school studies, daily labor and domestic duties are slighted. This in turn hinders the production of the laborer's output, the brilliancy of mind, gained only by studying, is dulled, and a wild frenzy spreads over the country.

As May disappears in the distance, duties are resumed. Once more the people are on a sound foundation and left gazing in queer wonderment at what it has all meant.

RALPH MULLEN.

* * *

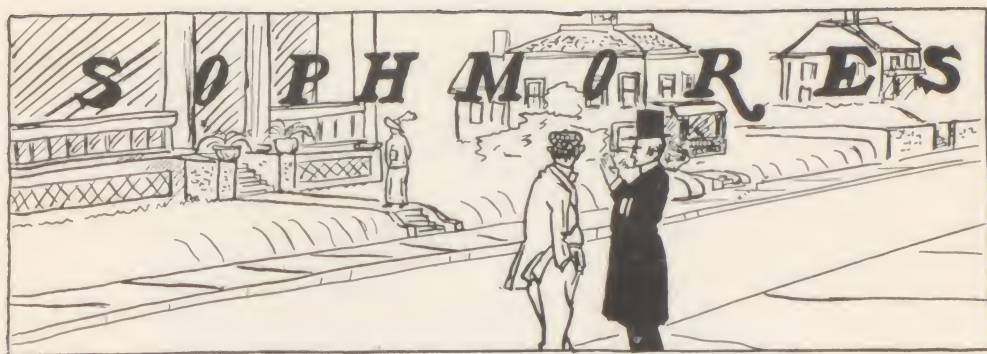
Personally, I am very fond of May. She comes into this world with a gay galaxy of colors and beauty and her beauty never fades. In fact, it increases and as we enter into November and December we look back with longing to the delicious days of May. Think of the things that that one word calls to your mind. It is the beginning of all outdoor sports, of the series of lawn parties, of spring festivals; in fact, it is the beginning of everything that makes our lives livable! The robins and birds appear with new music from the Southland, the wind blows softly across your cheek, the air is filled with sunshine and music and you feel "How good it is to live!" It is the month that poets dream about; when artists strive in vain to portray the exquisite tints; when musicians long to catch the music of the birds; and it is in this month that we feel more directly God's goodness and generosity.

BELE SCHULENBURG.





Sophomore Group



The Sophomores

HELEN REDHEAD.

On a beautiful June day, in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine, a fine collection of about two hundred and three self-important eighth grade graduates made their long-looked-forward-to entrance into the now rather formidable appearing East High School. Notwithstanding the former feeling of self-importance, when they arrived, they felt rather awed by the superior intellectual appearance of those already members of the school. After the terrible march across the room in front of that awe-inspiring assembly, the members of this class, which was at that time the largest that had ever entered East High, began to realize the real importance of their position as real members of East High School!

The following September the majority of them returned to school, and showed their courage and spirit by the large number who began taking Latin. Of course, for the first few months the class went through the usual "Comedy of Errors," enacted by every freshman class.

At the very first of the semester, in the

football season, the freshmen were represented by a star of such unusual brilliancy that even the seniors looked on in admiration. As the time advanced, unusual ability was shown along all the different lines, and the whole class fell easily into the manners and customs of the school, much to the delight of all concerned.

At the end of the first semester the vacancies caused by several leaving school were filled by a class of about twenty from Webster.

For a time things passed on uneventfully. By the time that all the class were registered as sophomores it was taking an active part in everything. It is well represented in all the school activities—athletics, both football and track, both of the glee clubs, the orchestra, and even in the debating society, which is usually almost exclusively junior and senior.

With these two years as a beginning, a brilliant future may confidently be predicted for the one hundred and fifty members of the present sophomore class.





Freshman Group



The Freshmen

MARY STIMSON.

Grandmother was seated in her arm chair before the grate fire when I entered the room. Something in her attitude gave me the feeling that she was thinking of her youthful days. I knew the time was ripe to ask for a story. So I drew up a hassock and begged her to tell me just one tale of long ago. Immediately she began:

"When I started to high school the times were much more sensible than those which you are accustomed to. Then everyone living a great distance from the school traveled back and forth on the street car instead of in an aeroplane.

"I remember that first year at East High so well! The day we graduated from the several eighth grades we were gathered together to make our first appearance before the august assembly which had been harvested from the grades in previous years. Something like two hundred and fifty of us swarmed like bees through the three rooms assigned, and I tell you, Tommy, the rooms then were not more than half as large as the ones you recite in today. At last a teacher gave us word that they were waiting upstairs, and we were marshalled two abreast to make our grand entrance. Judging from the noise made, they must have been delighted to see us. I had never before in my life heard such a clapping of hands. When all the newcomers were seated the school gave some yells, advising us how to act in our new surrounding. After a short time we left the building, not to return until the next

fall. Then, when school opened we found why every one laughed at the freshmen, for to us, who were not used to having to find our way about a large, strange building, it was all bewildering. However, we soon grew accustomed to our surroundings.

"Among the events of that year was the building of your own East High. I remember well the day the corner stone was laid. Our principal, Miss Goodrell, placed it.

"When the football season opened we went wild over that sport. At the stadium, while the game was in progress, it was of no use whatever to try to talk, for the yelling drowned every other sound.

"All too soon the season closed, and we were forced to walk the straight and narrow path to knowledge, but only for a few weeks, because we soon had a Christmas vacation, which lasted two weeks. Soon after vacation another class of freshmen joined us. As they came a half year after we did, we felt privileged to scoff at them a great deal.

"I think it was about that time that we discovered the meaning of the words 'flunk' and 'examination.' Some of us learned it bitterly, for we who could not get our work had to recite with the younger freshmen.

"For a long time nothing of especial interest to the class happened, and we had time to compare our feelings with those of the year before. Most of us discovered during the first year that we were not the salt of the earth, as we had

sometimes imagined ourselves to be when in the grades; there were many just as capable, and, too, the schools we had come from fared as well as when we were pupils in them.

"The last excitement of the year came with the track meets just before the graduating exercises. It seems to me, as I look back on it, that year was a continual round of good times."

The fire was burning low, and I could but dimly see grandmother's face. It seemed to me as I gazed at her that those days of which I knew so little must indeed have been happily spent, for whenever she talked of them, something seemed to bring the youth back into her face.

A Mountain Scene

CHLORIS VAN HORN, '14.

From the island I saw two lone mountain peaks rising abruptly from the lake. Their sides were rent by many clefts and ravines and on the lower slopes were groups of tall, stately conifers whose emerald shades contrasted sharply with bare purple rocks. These scarred and weather beaten warriors looked like giants guarding the little lake which lay at their feet like a gem. Its rippling water reflected the scene, blending the hues into one another. On the bank of this small body of water a number of horses were quietly grazing. A tiny boat, painted red and white, was moored near them. A clearing back of the animals showed that the sound of an axe had already echoed in this lonely place, laying low the mighty giants of the forest. At the other end of the lake, the woods gave way to broad rolling fields which were bright with flowers of many brilliant colors. In the midst of this plain I could see some men at work digging an irrigation ditch which foretold the changing of this level land into well cultivated farms. Clusters of small,

rough cabins outlined the course of the canal.

The outlet of the liquid sapphire formed a falls some distance from the lake and I could hear the muffled rumbling and rushing sounds as it dashed headlong down the precipice. As I stood watching the scene the sun took his nightly plunge into the Pacific and the western sky became a sea of living fire. Higher up the deep crimson shades faded into orange and gold. Ribbons of purple, blue and amethyst banded this fiery background and here and there a fleecy white cloud floated lazily along. The brilliant hues grew more and more delicate and blended together softly until it seemed as though a Michael Angelo had used the sky for his canvas. Then as twilight approached the colors merged into a deep violet and the mountains were enveloped in a purple mist. A hush fell over all the place as the mighty conqueror Night in his sable garments rode slowly forward to his throne on the lonely hillside. The shadows deepened in the valley and the merry little lake ceased her laughter.



The sound of the gong which called the wee members of the Freshmen Class together to have their pictures taken for the Quill was not of sufficient volume to penetrate the remote recesses of Mr. Haggard's aerial seat of learning. Consequently we had to give them a separate picture to soothe their injured feelings.

Organizations



The Orchestra

First Violin: Carl Bock, Harry Fleming, Waldo Scott, Allene Amsberry, Lorena Sparrow, Vida Biddle; Second Violin: Marion Engelman, Daisy Burgoyne; Cornet: Ralph Mullen, Murrell Allison; Flute: Nathaniel Grill; Drums: Mark Robinson, Roy Findley; Piano: Eloise Miller.

Boys' Debating Society



Top Row: Albert Buchanan, Oliver Elliott, Leo Jacobson, Merlin Morrison, Edward Everett,
 Middle Row: Mose Swartz, Neill Garrett, Carroll Bennett, Clarence Morian, Rodney Hudson, Harold Newnan, Mark Robinson, Carl Bock, Roy Bock, Mr. Brown
 Lower Row: Murrell Allison, James Koons, Fred McNulty, Lowell Solover, John Cavanaugh, Carl Troeger, Donald Winterrode, Mose Baker, Carl Ashen.

The Glee Clubs



Top Row: Zoe Crosby, Flora Dickey, Louise Baker, Lily Jacobson, Grace Howe, Muriel Mitchell, Ruth Nordholm, Catherine Joyce, Eloise Miller,
Bottom Row: Elizabeth Callison, Leona Matthess, Nellie Smith, Grace Tew, Myrtle Johnson, Carry Miller, Corinne Painter, Esther Gustafson, Beulah Hudson,
Gladys Koch, Mabel Anderson, Bessie Raymond.



Upper Row: Edward Everett, Neill Garrett, Rodney Hudson, Leonard McClaren, Albert Buchanan, Carl Burkman, Frank Coffin, Joe Crosby, Albert Eckberg,
Lower Row: Mose Oransky, Clifford Bloom, Edward Hastings, James Koons, Ralph Muller, Oliver Elliott, Carl Ashen, Chester Mullen, Henry Haas, Jr.

WHAT'S DOING



Mr. Bryan's Visit

On the morning of May 1, Miss Goodrell was most mysterious and hinted that in all probability we would be called together for an unusual assembly. We were, and we had the rare good fortune of listening to an American of the first caliber, William Jennings Bryan. The occasion of his being in Des Moines was the laying of the cornerstone of the new Y. M. C. A. building, but it was through our principal's influence that we were able to hear this great speaker. Although some of us had heard Mr. Bryan speak several years ago, when the school was thrown open to him during vacation and he addressed a crowded assembly, it was with great pleasure that we listened to him again.

Mr. Bryan dwelt at length upon three things which he said confront us all, and success or failure depends upon the manner in which we regard them. He presented them in the order of their importance: God, society, and government.

There is a mighty power which manifests itself everywhere and in everything. This power is God, and upon this power every man is dependent. It is a mysterious power which theorists have tried to figure out, but they are always compelled to take something for granted, and here lies their fallacy. But try how they might, they can go no further back than the first verse of Genesis, "In the beginning God made heaven and earth."

Society, Mr. Bryan says, is everywhere. "It is something in which you are, and from which you can not escape." Every one owes to society a duty immeasurable, and he can not in justice expect to draw from it more than he gives. Every one is born into the world a debtor to society, owing to it all that he has inherited and all that he will receive during his life. So let him try to

live so that when he dies he will have a balance due him from society.

Lastly, government must be recognized. In the past the people were made to fit the government and the fundamental law of true democracy was overlooked. But today the people have reached the true solution, and have founded a government of the people, by the people and for the people. In conclusion, he said that the sooner one recognizes these three things in life, the sooner he will be a help to society and satisfaction to himself.

* * *

Because of the very hot weather of the last few weeks of school, Miss Goodrell received permission from Mr. Riddell to call school a half hour earlier in the morning and dismiss correspondingly early, providing the tardy rate did not increase. This threw the morning session from eight o'clock to twelve-thirty and the final dismissal at three-thirty. The new plan proved a great improvement by avoiding in a great measure the hottest part of the day.

* * *

Friday, May 19, Miss Nellie Finney, formerly a member of East High, gave a song recital before the school. Miss Finney is the possessor of a remarkably sweet voice and the songs which she rendered were well received. She was accompanied by Miss Van Dyke. The program was as follows:

"O, Come With Me in the Summer Night" Frank Vander Stucken
 "The Silver Ring" C. Chaminade
 "You and I" Liza Lehman
 "Sleep, Little Baby of Mine"
 Charles Dennie

* * *

Miss Wright, supervisor of music, attended the National Music Supervisors'



Faculty Snapshots

Conference, which was held at Detroit, Mich., April 19. During her trip she visited the schools at Detroit, Oak Park, Ill., and Chicago. East High is fortunate, Miss Wright says, for in all other schools chorus work is required without credit, the regular music being elective.

* * *

The Merry Maids held a "Wienie Toast" at Union Park on the evening of May 15. The members of the club are: Ruth Russell, Ida Sales, Janette Gordon, Cathlene Guth, Grace Sipe, Gladys Winterode.

* * *

On the afternoon of Friday, May 26, the members of Mr. Peterson's A junior physics class visited the telephone exchange, the ice plant (an appropriate place for such a warm day), and the Des Moines City Railway power house. Afterward all went to Union Park for a picnic supper. The following toasts were given:

"Physics as a Humorous Study," Chester Mullen, Catherine Conrad.

"Physics as a Serious Study," Mary Antler, Roy Williams.

"Physics as a Practical Study," Blaine Davidson, Alice Reese.

"Physics Sharks," Isaphene Haas, Joe Lipshie.

Remarks, Miss Goodrell.

* * *

Miss Bush entertained her A senior German class at her home on High street, April 29. It was a most enjoyable evening spent in various amusements. At the close a very dainty luncheon was served. Every member of the class left inwardly wishing he had another year of German before him.

* * *

In place of the usual city meet be-

tween North and East High, both teams accepted an invitation to enter a meet at Indianola under the management of Simpson College. Because of the great number from the two schools who wished to attend, a special train was run, leaving Des Moines at one o'clock. After the meet the members of the team were banqueted by Simpson College and the representatives of the schools given their suppers at the restaurant. Before returning, all attended a mass meeting held in the chapel, where the college glee club sang and the medals were awarded.

* * *

It is with the greatest pleasure that we hear of the success of Delmar Youngmeyer in his chosen profession, that of music. Mlle. Pasquale chose him as her accompanist for the recital which she recently gave at Foster's Opera House. Mr. Youngmeyer is now a member of the Highland Park Conservatory of Music and friends and musicians predict a brilliant future for him.

* * *

It was once a custom of East High, before the Des Moines schools were consolidated, to hold a home meet each spring at which time the whole school took the train to some nearby town and indulged itself in a general good time. But these old time meets are now only sweet memories. This year, however, we did have something which borders closely upon them. Thursday afternoon, May 25, a meet was held at the fair grounds, in which the classes vied with one another for athletic honors. The results of the contest will be found elsewhere. The day was ideal and after the meet most of the crowd picnicked in the grounds and nearby woods. The occasion was a great success from every standpoint and all members of the school are looking forward to the same thing next year.





Monday, May 1.—Miss Goodrell thinks that every girl ought to have spending money, if only five cents—with which to buy gum? The school listens to an excellent talk given by William Jennings Bryan.

Tuesday, May 2.—The class pictures are on display. Orders taken by Quill staff.

Wednesday, May 3.—Every A senior's dear little heart is filled with joy, for Miss Goodrell talked two periods.

Thursday, May 4.—Six forty-five minute periods.

Friday, May 5.—Lunch baskets are much in evidence. School is dismissed early in order to catch the train for Indianola. A few small boys decide that three periods are enough for them.

Monday, May 8.—No jollification over the meet. The small boys decide that the effect of six periods is more desirable than of three. An optimistic editorial, called "Thank God for the Roses," is read from the platform. Which are *you* thinking of, the roses or the thorns?

Tuesday, May 9.—Quill out.

Wednesday, May 10.—Some thoughtless persons hissed. No intermission until the matter is straightened up.

Thursday, May 11.—Some have not

yet "fessed up." Six long, long periods and not one intermission to talk to that best friend.

Friday, May 12.—One assembly solely for announcements. Miss G. says school is to begin at 8:00 Monday.

(Saturday, May 13.—Des Moines' stock of alarm clocks almost depleted.)

Monday, May 15.—School called at 8:00 o'clock, every one smiling, though some look sleepy. Hurrah! Assemblies once more; it seems like meeting a long lost friend.

Tuesday, May 16.—Why did we complain of cold weather when winter was here?

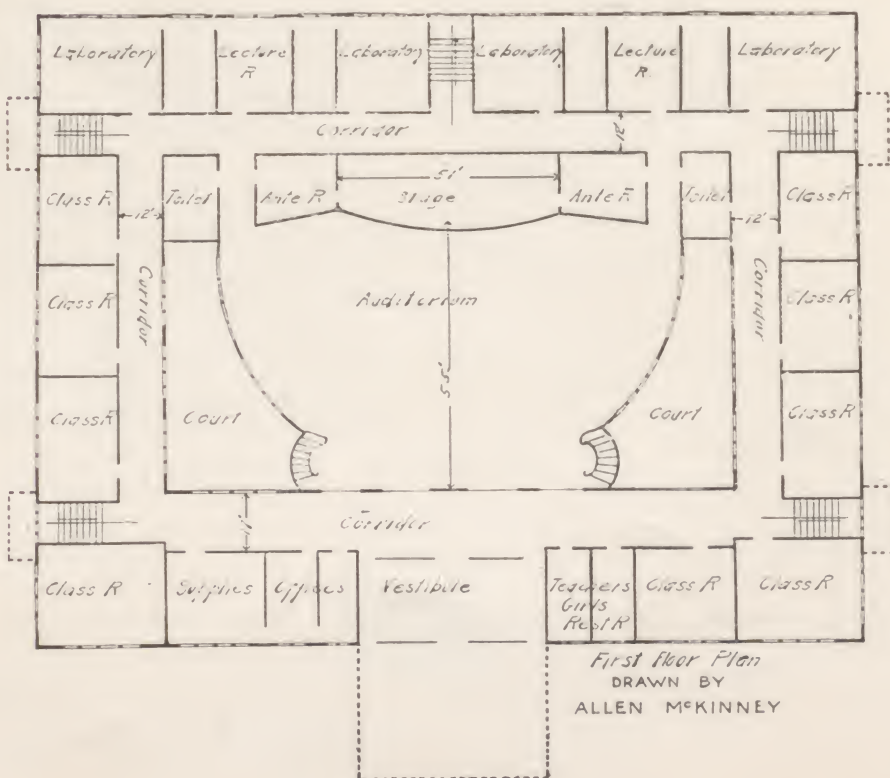
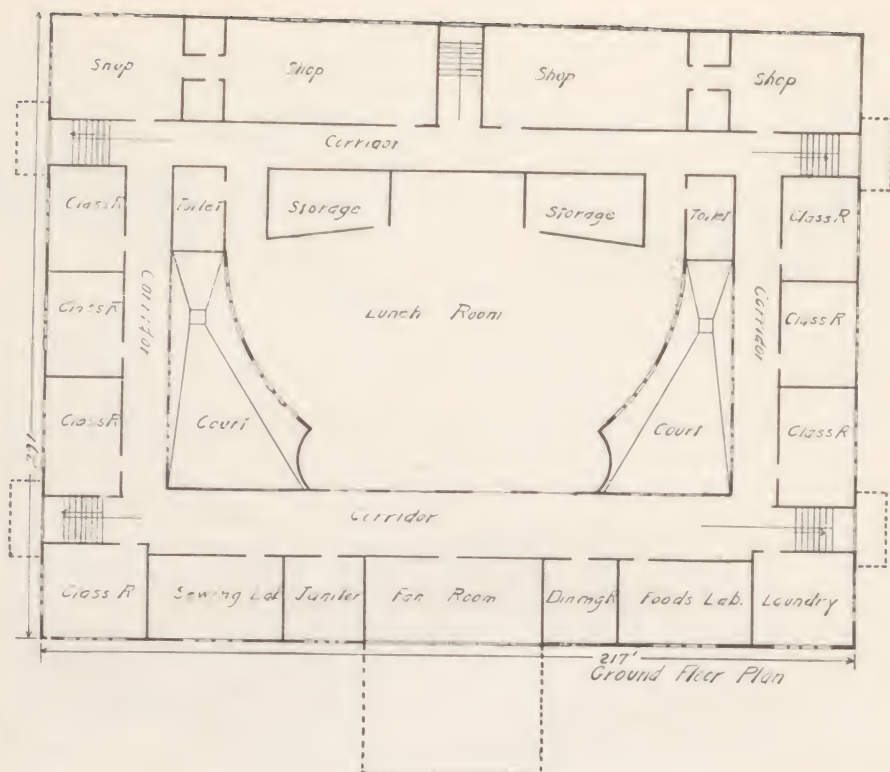
Wednesday, May 17.—Roy B. proves the hero of the day by putting an obnoxious bug, which was working havoc among the fair maidens of the German class, out of commission. Miss Goodrell tells us of "the old days."

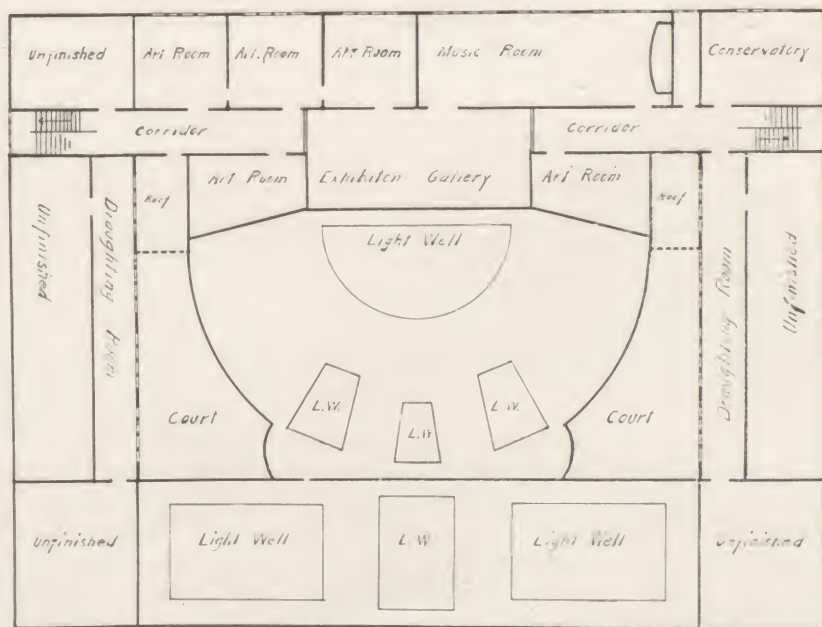
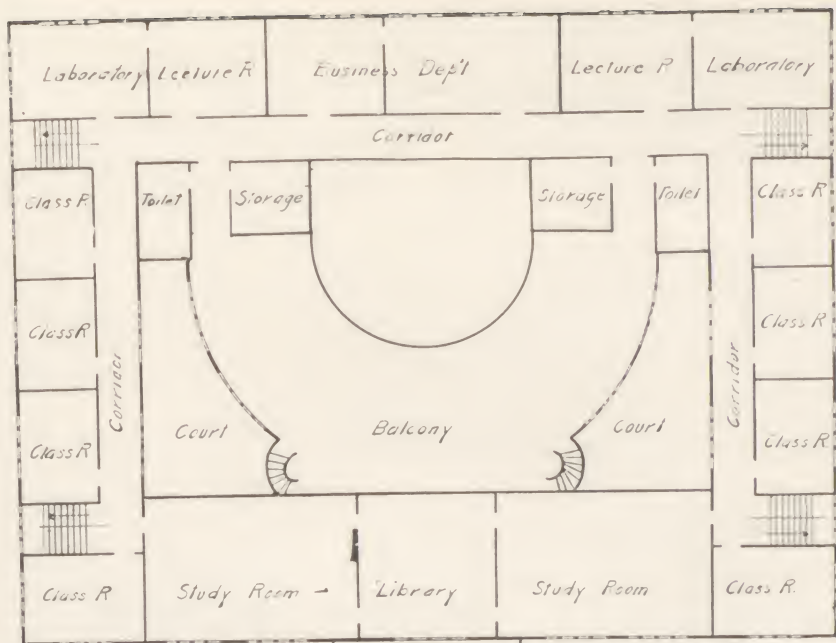
Thursday, May 18.—General sing. Joy Coffin first startled, then thrilled the south half of the room by his clear, flute like soprano. Everybody on edge for the approaching meet.

Friday, May 19.—Miss Nelly Finny sings. Oliver E. chosen as yell master for the state meet. The cork of the bottle of enthusiasm is out and school spirit is at its height.



The New East High School





DRAWN BY
ALLEN MCKINNEY



Indianola Snaps

TRACK NEWS

The Indianola Meet

One of the hardest fought meets ever contested between high schools of the state was held at Indianola under the auspices of Simpson college on Friday afternoon, May 5.

The first surprise of the meet was given by Hoyt of Greenfield when he made the 100 yard dash in the record breaking time of 10 flat. This time is doubtful, as he failed to duplicate it in the state meet two weeks later but the dash was undoubtedly negotiated in 10:1-5, which would be a new state high school record.

At the finish of the 440 dash East had only annexed three points while North High was far in the lead.

The pole vault was one of the "classiest" events of the meet. Ames sprung a surprise in this event when Jones, an heretofore unknown athlete, outclassed Buntz of North and Byers of East and was giving Metcalfe the greatest struggle of his track career. For an hour the crowd watched the two with breathless interest. At the end of this time the boys were forced to shake hands with honors even, having tied at 11 ft. 1/2 inch, bettering the state exhibition record of 11 ft. held by Freney of Ida Grove.

From this time on North and East's total of points drew more and more nearly even, until, when the last event of the meet faced them the score was 33 to 28 in favor of the pink and green.

On the half mile relay, depended the result of the meet. Would it be a victory for the North High boys or a tie?

Brown started the race for the scarlet and black and finished with a margin of five yards. Sellers took the second 220 and delivered the touch to Burns with a lead of three yards. Burns now started on the third section of the race. At the

end of 200 yards they were running neck and neck with Jarvis of East and Lively for North waiting with every nerve strained to the utmost tension for the last 220 struggle. Every person on the grounds was watching—too interested to even cheer his own men. Then a groan escaped the East High supporters. Burns had tripped and fallen and before he regained his feet Lively of North was flying around the track 30 yards in the lead.

North High had won the day. Individual honors went to Hoyt, the Greenfield Freshman. Byers of East was second with 11 points and Hunter of North, third with 10.

The schools won points as follows:

North High	38
East High	28
Greenfield	21
Ames	9
Albia	4
Corydon	3

The summary:

Mile run—Clapper (Ames) first; Troeger (East) second; Loper (East) third. Time, 4:45 4-5.

120 yard hurdles—Hoyt (Greenfield) first; Hunter (North) second; Byers (East) third. Time, :17 1-5.

Half mile run—Diltz (North) first; Miles (Corydon) second; Morrison (East) third. Time, 2:08 2-5.

100 yard dash—Hoyt (Greenfield) first; Kelly (Albia) second; Donald (Seymour) third. Time, :10.

220 yard dash—Hoyt (Greenfield) first; Donald (Seymour) second; Smith (North) third. Time, :24 1-5.

220 yard hurdles—Donald (Seymour) first, Hunter (North High) second, Byers (East High) third. Time, :28 3-5.

440 yard dash—Shear (Greenfield) first, Diltz (North High) second, Risser (North High) third. Time, :54 4-5.

Pole vault—Jones, Ames and Metcalfe (East) tied, first; Buntz (North) third. Height, 11 feet $\frac{1}{2}$ inch.

12 pound shot put—Cavanaugh (East High) first; Cameron (Ames) second; Ferris (Albia) third. Distance, 40 feet $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Discus throw—Buntz (North High) first; Metcalfe (East High) second; Hamilton (North High) third. Distance, 99 feet 7 inches.

High jump—Byers (East High) and Hunter (North High) tied, for first Hoyt (Greenfield) third. Height, 5 feet 5 inches.

Running broad jump—Byers (East High) first, Jones (Ames) second, Marsden (North High) third. Distance, 20 feet $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Half mile relay—North High first, East High second, Indianola third. Time, 1:39 2-5.

The State Meet

With the state meet, East High finished a track season which has been fraught with such difficulties as a track team seldom has to contend with.

Sixth place was as near the top of the scoring column as they could fight their way in the fastest and most sensational meet ever held by Iowa High schools.

Five state records became ancient history in this struggle for state honors. The first was in the 100 yard dash which went, as expected, to Hoyt of Greenfield, in 10 1-5 seconds. McHenry of West High lowered the time of the high hurdles from 16: 2-5 to 16: 1-5, but this record does not stand as hurdles were knocked down in the course of the race.

Metcalfe and Schrader of Iowa City, tied for first in the pole vault at 11 feet 2 inches, which bettered the state record by 2 inches.

Cedar Rapids reeled off the mile relay in 3:36-1, bettering the old record of 3: 40-1.

Schrader of Iowa City raised the high jump from 5 feet 7 inches to 5 feet 10 inches.

McBain of West High stretched the broad jump from 21 feet $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches to 21 feet $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

The preliminaries of the forenoon worked havoc with the East High team. In the high and low hurdles and in both short dashes our men failed to qualify.

The first event of the meet in which East had a man entered was the 440 yard dash. Geissinger ran his usual nifty race in this, which was only 1-5 second behind the state record, but could not finish within the winning margin.

Parsons of Iowa City took first, Wilson of Cherokee second, Pickett of West High third.

Morrison and Dunagan ran the half mile for us but were unable to place.

This race soon developed into a fight between Watson of West and Diltz of North for first place. Almost in step they ran the last 220 yards. Down the straight away side by side they came straining every muscle for an inch of ground. At one foot from the tape they were even, when Diltz made a diving finish and broke the string less than an inch ahead of the blue and yellow runner.

Clark of Council Bluffs finished third. Time 2:04 1-5.

The mile relay proved so much faster than was expected that the East High team did not do as well as was hoped for. Sellers, who started for us, drew the pole and though he and Yoder, Geissinger and Hites all ran well we gradually lost ground.

Cedar Rapids took first, Iowa City second, North High third.

In the mile run Loper drew the inside track and Troeger the outside.

Clapper of Ames ran away from the rest of the field, and the main point of interest was the fight between Loper and Watson of West High for second place. They ran even down the straight away but the West High man gained a stride and won by a few inches. Troeger finished after Loper.

Byers and McBain of West staged a record breaking performance in the broad jump in which another state record went by the board. Both men jumped better than the previous mark but McBain made one leap of 21 feet $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches which won the event for his school.

Spanhower of Fort Dodge was third.



Contrary to expectations, the fight in the pole vault was not between Metcalfe and Jones of Ames but between Metcalfe and Shrader of Iowa City. The result was a tie between these two men with a new record of 11 feet 2 inches. Third place was taken by Wilkins of Correctionville.

Like the traditional meets of the story books, the two leading schools, West High and Iowa City, stood with tied score when there was only one race left to run, the half mile relay. They had 18 points each. North High had 12 points.

If the story book style had been followed the contest for first place would have been between the two leading point holders, but the race deviated from fiction at the very beginning and it was soon evident that the fight for places was between the three Des Moines schools.

A West High man was the one who broke the tape with North and East following in order.

The fastest and most sensational High School meet ever contested in Iowa was won by West Des Moines. It was a great victory for the school and it is a great victory for the Capital City. The three schools may all rejoice together.

The following schools were the leading point winners.

West High	23
Iowa City	18
North High	15
Sioux City	14
Greenfield	10
East High	8
Le Mars	6
Cherokee	6
Marshalltown	6
Cedar Rapids	5
Ames	5

The summary:

440-yard dash—Parsons (Iowa City) first; Wilson (Cherokee) second; Pickett (West Des Moines) third. Time :52 4-5.

120-yard hurdles—McHenry (West

High, Des Moines) first; Jernegan (Humboldt) second; Hunter (North High, Des Moines) third. Time, :16 2-5.

100-yard dash—Hoyt (Greenfield) first; Osborn (Le Mars) second; Friedman (Council Bluffs) third. Time, :10 1-5.

220-yard hurdles—Hunter (North Des Moines) first; Pocker (Marshalltown) second; Lewis (West Des Moines) third. Times, :27 2-5.

Shot put—Aldrich (Sioux City) first; Humble (Marion) second; Holmes (Sioux City) third. Distance, 43 feet 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

880 yard run—Diltz (North Des Moines) first; Watson (West Des Moines) second; Clarke (Council Bluffs) third. Time, 2:04 1-5.

Pole vault—Schrader (Iowa City) and Metcalfe (East Des Moines) tied for first; Wilkins (Correctionville) third. Height, 11 feet 2 inches.

220 yard dash—Hoyt (Greenfield) first; Osborn (Le Mars) second; Parsons (Iowa City) third. Time :22 4-5.

Mile relay—Cedar Rapids (Monroe, Britton, Powers, Sherman) first, Iowa City second, North Des Moines third. Time, 3:37 3-5.

High jump—Schrader (Iowa City) first, Pocker (Marshalltown) second, Aldrich (Sioux City) third. Height, 5 feet 10 inches.

Discus throw—Aldrich (Sioux City) first; Knapp (Cherokee) second; Holmes (Sioux City) third. Distance, 102 feet 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches.

Mile run—Clapper (Ames) first, Watson (West Des Moines) second, Loper (East Des Moines) third. Time, 4:41 2-5.

Broad jump—McBain (West Des Moines) first, Byers (East Des Moines) second, Spanhower (Fort Dodge) third. Distance, 21 feet 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches

Half mile relay—West Des Moines (McBain, Lewis, Mellor, McHenry) first, North Des Moines second, East Des Moines third. Time, 1:36 3-5.

Basket Ball
Senior Basket Ball Team



James Koons Roy Leibsle. Carl Burkman. Vere Loper. Watson Metcalfe.

These Two Teams Tied for the Championship of the School.

Junior Basket Ball Team

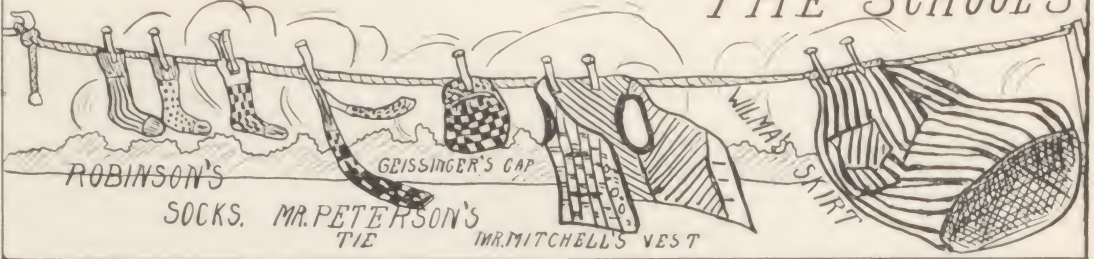


Chester Mullen. Ralph Mullen. Murray Beeney John Cavanaugh. Armour Pugh. Harold Jaynes.



Watson Metcalfe—Holder of State Record for Pole Vault, height 11 ft. 2 in.

THE SCHOOL'S



MR. BURKMAN



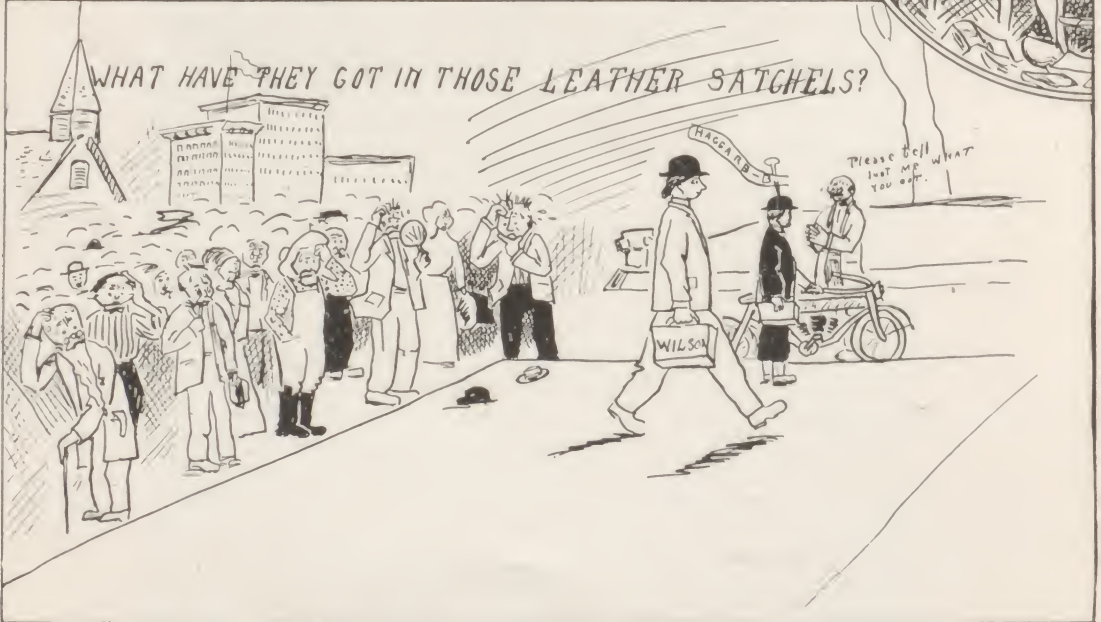
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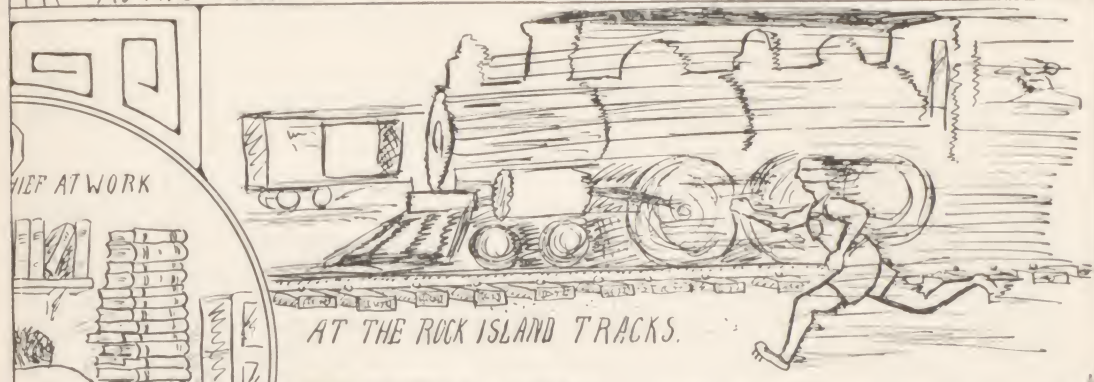
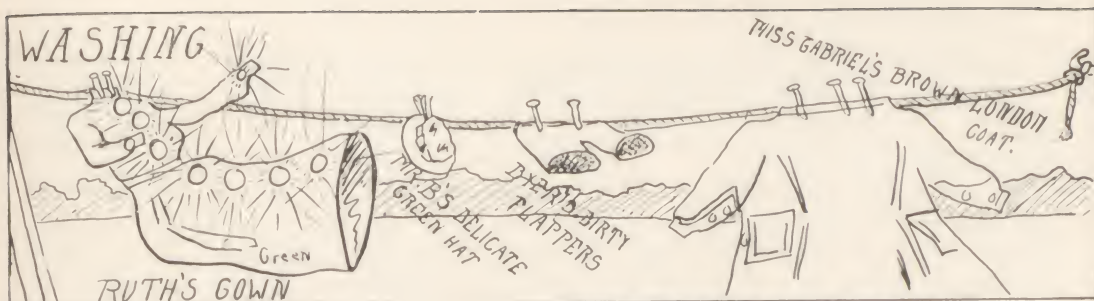


OUR EDITOR IN CHIEF



WHAT HAVE THEY GOT IN THOSE LEATHER SATCHELS?





Published once in
a while.
Whenever there is
news enough

Subscriptions 95c
per yr. Payable
in cash or gar-
den truck.

SQUASHTOWN GAZETTE

OUR MOTTO
"PAY UP YOUR SUBSCRIPTION"

People always
want somethink
for nothink—
what is the result?
They get nothink.
Advertise in the
Gazette and get
somethink.
It's a fine paper

Vol. 1

SQUASHTOWN, U. S. A., JUNE, 1911

No. 2

ANOTHER EXCITING EVENT IN SQUASHTOWN

Karl Burkhiemer Pestered by
Haunts.

AWFUL HE SAYS.

Karl Burkhiemer, one of our respected citizens, has had some awful experiences lately.

He says as he laid in his bed where he sleeps the other night he heard a heart-rending sound. He can't just describe it, he says, only it sounded something like rain water falling or rusty chains sliding. The racket seemed to be coming from just outside his north window. I got up says he and hastily dressin I took the only weapon I could find and started out. This weapon was a joint of stove pipe which happened to be handy. Seizin this firmly in the grasp of his hand he says he sallied fourth.

He then says that a wailing voice beckoned him to follow, and he heard a screechin sound among the cob webs on his windmill.

Karl says that he'd a followed and caught the ghost if it wasn't that he didn't care to dent the stove pipe up—which was near new—by smashin ghosts with it.

The editor wishes to say in conclusion, on his own behalf, that the haunt should not be pestered into leavin as Squashtown is always glad to have another member added to our population.

EDITORIALS.

We just read in a newspaper which Met Wateaff

brought down from the Co. seat that the Mexicans are fightin for their independance from somebody and that the United States is goin down & stop it.

This furnishes material for a rip rousin editorial.

Dont that just make your blood broil fellow citizens??? How does the U. S. dare to leave here an go down there? What bizness has the U. S. got to go down there an take away Mexicos independance away from them??? When the U. S. was fightin for their independance did Mexico come up here an take it down there?? No sir and no mam. There wasnt anv Mexico then an if there had of been they wouldnt of done it any way. Now how can the U. S. stop Mex. from gettin their ind. without takin it away from them? Thats logic as our heroick constable Bowie Dyers says. Do we need it?? Aint we got an independance already? Then we dont want any more & if the U. S. takes Mexicos away from them they ought to be strung up.

(If any of our citizens know of any more material for a rousing editorial please let us know. We can get them up some how on short notice.)

You will observe that there are no advertisin in the Gazette this wk. There is two reasons for this. The first 1 is that we aint got room for any and the second is that there wasn't any to put in.

Why is this? What's the matter with our respected citizens?

They'd better wake up or Squashtown never will be a city of worldish importance.

BIG FIELD MEET HELD IN OUR MIDST

Edwinaldo Biers Gets the Idea
on His Visit to the
Co. Seat.

Many Champeens Uncovered.

When Mr. Edwinaldo Biers one of our respected citizens was visitin in the Co. seat a while back he saw a field meet in that place.

He thot Squashtown could just as well have one too an soon had our citizens in the notion.

A number of our citizens met in this meet an the meeting was held in the vacant lot just back of the meet market.

The meet started with the mile dash and as there weren't room to run a mile in the lot it was decided to run 15 times around it. Edwinaldo sed this would be the same thing.

Home Lewes, our respected blacksmith won this event by hidin behind a bbl. for 14 laps and then jumpin in fast on the last.

The next event was the high jump which was won by Leopold Jakieson. After it got so high nobody else could jump over the blame thing Le climbed to the top of the coal house, which was right by the high jumpin place an fell over. The time of the jump was 45 minutes 6½ seconds.

The next event was the 100 yd run which was won by Al Buckaning's dog, which he sent in as a substitute for his self. Al had rheumatiz & couldnt run. The time of the 100 yd run was disputed.

The last event on the program was the running broad

grin. This was won by Ellie Guysonger. Some said Ellie didn't win fair as he used unfair means to distend his mouth with.

The distance of the grin wasnt got.

WEATHER REPORT

Issued by Veersky Lopem Our Respected Weather Mnfr.

I predick that we had some fine weather the last few days. I know this because my roof aint leaked any, which always happens if the weather aint dry.

I calculate that the next few days will probably be rainy or otherwise if other conditions or somethin dont interfere.

I wish all of our citizens would notice if this dont take place as I say.

There has been a heap of criticism to my reports, say-

in as they are not accurate. **I say they are.**

I ask you to refer to my former predictions. And now look at the weather. **It aint near so warm as it was is it?** which is just as I sez it is.

PERSONALS.

It looks like rain as this issue of the Gazette goes to press. How-so-ever it may do somethin else. Nobody can tell.

Miss Allmie Helstrom who baked a plum pudden for Christmas ate the last of it tother day. It seems it sort of petrified by bein kept so long & she gave it to a tramp who called at her door. He tried to take a bite of it & then gave it to the dog who couldn't bite it neither but took it off an buried it, probably in the hope that it would mellow up in time.

Miss Corn Planter while sewin buttons on a shirt waist tother day accidently swallowed 4 of them.

Alling Mack Skinny, one of our respected citizens, had a barber to give him a hair cut last wk and now Alling has a turrible cold. Alling ought to have known better than to have his hair cut so early in the season. Why didn't he wait till the weather got warmer.

I have for sale 4 roosters & 14 hens, all layin eggs. Ill sell em cheap. Apply Joseph Day-light..

Ed. note.—This isnt a real personal but an advertisement. Joseph thot it would be noticed quicker here. An we just want to say if Joseph has 14 hents & 4 roosters all layin eggs that the roosters are sure wurth havin.

Splashes

Mr. Mitchell (after Mamie C. had told a dreadful story in Commercial Law): "And did they get big damages?"

Mamie C.: "Oh, my yes, it cut his whole leg off."

* * *

There was a young lady named Lizzie,
Went up so high she got dizzie,

With a scream and a shriek,

She fell down from the peak,
And soon a mortician got bizzie.

Elmer Thillin.

* * *

THAT GEORGE AGAIN.

Miss Babbitt: "Would you like to have an oral debate some time in class and choose someone to speak?"

G. F.: "Aw, let George do it."

* * *

The sophomores saw a patch of green,

Which they thought was the freshman class.

But when they drew near it was seen

That it was but a looking-glass.

WILL SOME ONE PLEASE TELL US

Is Leo Jacob-son?

Does Vere Loper?

Is Murry Beeney?

And is "she" a B—Deal?

Is Dorothy A. Carpenter?

Why has Vearl Leisure?

Why is Glenn Brown?

Why is Frank Coffin?

Is Dow By-er(s)?

Does Charles Butcher?

Is Mildred Wright?

Why is Mary Huffy?

How does Ida Sale?

* * *

WELL HARDLY!

M. G. (speaking of dramatizing "Treasure Island": "Couldn't Billie Bones be a different character after he was dead?"

Found on the back of Mark R.'s tablet, the following:

Proposition I.

The members of East High are not fools, especially me.

Given, Me and the rest of the school.

To prove, We ain't fools.

Proof:

1. A fool and his money are soon parted.

2. East High students and their money are seldom parted.

Therefore they are not fools.

* * *

Mr. Brown (B. Senior History): "Boston Tea Party! Please read. Who is it?"

"It" proved to be Hazel Hull.

* * *

Miss Purmort (Ben Senior Latin): "Yes, now this shield looks like a wash boiler cover. Boys, did you ever see a wash boiler cover?"

* * *

M. K. (translating Virgil): "Oh you leaders."

* * *

"IRISH, MR. DOUGLAS?"

Libbie S.: "When you handed my book back, I couldn't find some of the pages."

Mr. D.: "Well, did you mean some you found that you didn't find?"

* * *

A NEW DEFINITION.

Miss F. Church: "What was thrown at that time by the volcano and what is lava?"

Floyd H.: "It was a substance with ice around it."

* * *

SOMETHING UNUSUAL.

Homer L.: "He fell into a lake getting very wet."

* * *

Miss St. John: "Charlie, how much time did you put on your lesson?"

Charles Y.: "Ninety minutes."

Miss St. John: "What were you doing all that time?"

Charles Y.: "Looking for the proposition."

* * *

Bessie D. (in Domestic Science): "I don't know why, but I don't care for sweet stuff any more." (Just what did you mean, Bess?)

* * *

Miss Clark: "Raleigh, do you mean the upper story overhangs the lower one by three feet?"

Raleigh F.: "No, the lower one overhangs the upper one."

* * *

Miss Clark: "Just as soon as you see your fundamental image, don't fall out of the window, but come back."

* * *

WHAT A PREDICAMENT.

Mr. Brown: "If you don't see through it ask questions. We won't think you're terribly foolish."

Ruth N.: "I don't see through it but I don't know what to ask."

* * *

The freshmen envy seniors.

For seniors run the school;

But when you are a senior

You dare not break a rule!

Every teacher calls to you.

As down the hall you run;

You must a great example set,

And so miss all the fun.

I wish I were a "fresh" again.

With ideals still unshattered,

And could do whate'er I wish to do—

Then, no example mattered.

* * *

SAYINGS OF THE TEACHERS.

Mr. Brown. "There's a chance here for a good long discussion."

Miss Bush. "Lesen sie weiter, bitte."

Miss St. John. "Well, you think awhile."

Miss Hossfeld. "I still contend—"

Mr. Douglass. "Now, girls, get to work."

Miss Kasson. "Now, children—"

Miss Poorbaugh. "All right, little folks, go ahead and play."



CULLED FROM OUR EXCHANGES

Little Johnny Burns
Sits upon a stove—
Little Johnny Burns.

Little Johnny Burns
Didn't go to heaven—
Little Johnny Burns.

* * *

BIRTHSTONES FOR DIFFERENT CLASSES.

Freshman—Greenstone.
Sophomore—Blarney Stone.
Junior—Grindstone.
Senior—Tombstone.

* * *

Dentist (to old lady who wants a tooth pulled): "Do you want gas, madam?"
Old Lady: "Well, I should say so! I don't propose to stay in the dark with you or any other man."

* * *

Professor (to student applying for entrance to college): "Have you been through trigonometry?"

Applicant: "Yes, but I went through in the night nad didn't see much of the place."

* * *

It's easy enough to be pleasant
When you're looking and feeling flip;
But the girl worth while is the girl who
can smile.
With a fever sore on her lip.

* * *

"Who is your favorite author?"
"My father."
"What did he ever write?"
"Checks."

English history puzzles me;
I never could see why,
With so many, many reigns,
It still remains so dry.

* * *

Teachee, teachee,
All day teachee,
Night, markee papers,
Nerves all creepy,
No one kisse,
No one huggie,
Poor old maidee,
No one lovee.

* * *

She: "Oh, I know we will miss the opening number. We have waited several minutes for that mother of mine."

He: "Hours, I should say."

She: "Ours! Oh, Fred, it is so sudden!" And she laid her head upon his shoulder.

* * *

Mother: "Now, Charlie, you must be a very good boy, for you have a nice new brother. Aren't you pleased?"

Eight-year-old Charlie: "Oh, I don't know. It's always the way; just as soon as I'm getting on in the world competition begins."

* * *

American history student reciting:
"Harrison was elected president, and a month later he went out and died."

* * *

This little verse,
I've skillfully penned,
To tell you all
This is
The End.

COURSE OF STUDY, DES MOINES HIGH SCHOOLS

	LATIN	SCIENTIFIC	MODERN LANG	MAN TRAINING	COMMERCIAL	ELECTIVES
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SECOND	ENGLISH 2 GEOMETRY 2 HISTORY 2 LATIN 2	ENGLISH 2 GEOMETRY 2 BIOLOGY 2 LATIN-GERMAN 2	ENGLISH 2 GEOMETRY 2 HISTORY 2 LATIN-GERMAN 2	ENGLISH 2 GEOMETRY 2 HISTORY 2 SHOP 1 MECH DRAWING 1	ENGLISH 2 COM'L ARITH 1 COM'L GEOG 1 HISTORY 2 STENOGRAPHY 2 ACCOUNTING 2	SEE NOTE ON CREDIT FOR DRAWING, MUSIC AND DEBATING
THIRD	ENGLISH 1 ALGEBRA 1 LATIN 2 ELECTIVE 4	ENGLISH 1 ALGEBRA 1 PHYSICS 2 ELECTIVE 4	ENGLISH 1 ALGEBRA 1 GERMAN-FRENCH 2 ELECTIVE 4	ENGLISH 2 ALGEBRA 1 PHYSICS 2 SHOP 1 MECH DRAWING 1	ENGLISH 2 STENOGRAPHY 2 HISTORY+COM 2 ELECTIVE 4	ELECTIVE 3 RD 4 TH LATIN 2 GERMAN 2 FRENCH 2 PHYSICS 2 BIOLOGY 2 ENGLISH 1 SCIENCE 1 MED HISTORY 1 ENG HISTORY 1 STENOGRAPHY 2 HISTORY+COM 2 ELECTIVE 4 TH ONLY 2 CHEMISTRY 2 ADV ALGEBRA 1 TRIGONOMETRY 1
FOURTH	ENGLISH 2 AMERICAN HIST 2 LATIN 2 ELECTIVE 2	ENGLISH 2 AMERICAN HIST 2 ELECTIVE 4	ENGLISH 2 AMERICAN HIST 2 GERMAN-FRENCH 2 ELECTIVE 2	ENGLISH 2 AMERICAN HIST 2 SHOP 1 MECH DRAWING 1 ELECTIVE 2	ENGLISH 2 AMERICAN HIST 2 COMMERCIAL LAW 1 BUSINESS ORG 1 ELECTIVE 2	ENGLISH 2 MED HISTORY 1 ENG HISTORY 1 STENOGRAPHY 2 HISTORY+COM 2 ELECTIVE 4 TH ONLY 2 CHEMISTRY 2 ADV ALGEBRA 1 TRIGONOMETRY 1

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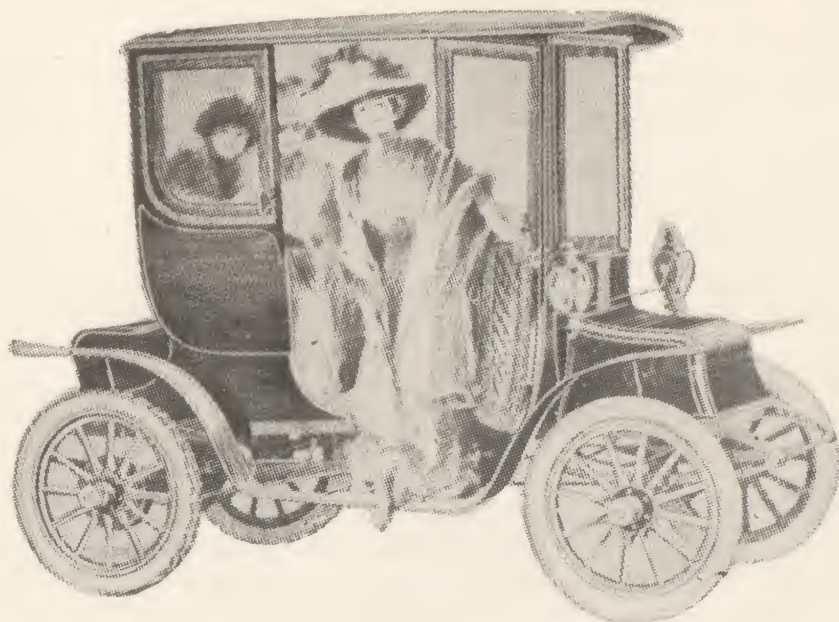
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